

The BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Trail Of The Forty-Niners

BY HELEN ELMIRA WAITE

FRANCES carefully shook the last shining drop from her coat before she entered the Library. Then she smiled in a friendly way as she passed her books to the little Librarian.

"Good afternoon, Miss Patterson. Isn't this just the loveliest weather you ever saw?"

Miss Patterson, with whom Frances was on the best of terms, smiled back. "I've seen weather I liked better," she laughed. "Have you seen this?" She motioned to a notice on the small bulletin-board which stood upon her desk.

"No," said Frances, "what is it?"

Miss Patterson did not answer, but she watched with interest as the girl read the notice. "Will you try?" she asked.

Frances read the notice twice, carefully, before she answered a little slowly, "I don't know."

"I would, if I were you," Miss Patterson advised, "there's no harm in trying."

"No," agreed Frances, "thank you for showing it to me, Miss Patterson."

When she started homeward Frances walked briskly, despite the fact that the late March storm had made walking very disagreeable, and street-crossing a matter of negotiation. It was a habit she had when thinking deeply, and just now she was remembering the announcement in the town Library that "Mr. Edmund K. Lock offered a prize to the pupil in the Rockwood schools executing the best drawing based on a historical subject." Frances had not thought of Mr. Lock as being interested in art, nor had she dreamed any but her own family and a few girl friends knew of her own love for it. But she would like to try, the combination of her two favorite subjects appealed to her, and suggestions were already coming into her mind. She paused, trying to see a way across a street without becoming too uncomfortably wet, and was suddenly aware of Amy Rogers behind her.

"Hello, Frances," she called, "I've been creeping along behind you. How you managed that gait with all this slush is beyond me!"

Frances laughed. "Why didn't you call?"

"When you walk like that? No indeed! I know you're pondering deeply when you travel like that. Decided on your picture yet?"

Frances jumped. "My p-picture?"



The Arch Of Triumph

BY OSCAR LEWIS

PARIS is a city of broad and spacious streets, of magnificent open spaces, and of splendid public monuments. These three qualities of the French capital all are admirably illustrated in that towering monument, the Arc de Triomphe, together with the magnificent circular open space surrounding it and the dozen avenues that radiate like the beams of a star from its center.

The arch itself crowns the summit of a slight hill and commands one of the most splendid vistas in the world; down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysees, across the Place de la Concorde, down the central promenade of the Tuileries Gar-

dens, ending finally with the vast bulk of the Louvre Museum.

One of the many monuments left to the city by Napoleon I, the size of the arch is in keeping with the magnificence of its surroundings. An idea of the bigness of the structure can be had when it is said that a five story building could stand within its central arch, which is more than a hundred feet high. The monument was thirty years building; four immense statuary groups, one on each supporting pier, form its chief ornamentation.

In recent years the Arch of Triumph has gained a new interest through the fact that the spot beneath its arch has been chosen as the burial place of France's Unknown Soldier.

"Of course. I was in the Library and saw Miss Patterson show you the notice, and then when you raced along so I knew what you were thinking of. Have you?"

"Decided? No, I haven't even decided to enter."

"Frances Elizabeth Evans! You must! Why not?"

"I may not have the time."

"Find it," said Amy, calmly, as if finding time was the easiest task in the world, "now you mind me!"

Frances laughed again. "All right," she said, and arriving home, decided to take Amy's advice. The light was good, and she quickly gathered her materials together; she knew she would be able to work, for her fingers seemed to ache for

a pencil, but just as she was settled there came an interruption: Little sisters' embroidery was in a woeful tangle, and it took even Frances' skilled fingers fully ten minutes before it could be persuaded to unknot itself. Then with a sigh of relief Frances turned to her board.

"Frances! Oh, Frances!"

Frances let the pencil drop. "Yes, Dick. I'm in my room."

"I want that kite pattern you promised, —please," Dick announced. "Tom Faire's here, and he says he'll help me with it."

"Oh Dick!" there was disappointment in his sister's voice, "you can't use the kite today!"

"No, but it'll take some time to make," argued Dick.

After all, Frances reflected, it was only a little thing to do. She found the pattern, sent Dick for paper, and cut it out with an admiring small brother at her elbow. "That's going to be some kite!" he commented.

"It ought to be," laughed Frances, "run along and find Tom now."

The light had already changed, and Frances regretfully put her things away. "I'll try again tomorrow;" but she didn't for that night Agatha, the baby of the Evans' family, who had had a cold for a week, developed bronchitis, and took all her sister's spare time and talents to amuse her. Frances had not a moment for drawing, but she had enough time to sigh over the lost opportunity.

"Sent your drawing in yet?" Amy inquired one day.

"No," Frances shook her head, "I told you I wouldn't have the time."

"And I told you to find it. You'll have to soon. The contest closes day after tomorrow. Oh, do try for it, Francie!"

Once more Frances tried to obey. Once again she set up her drawing-board and began work. There was no difficulty in the choice of a subject: The brave pilgrimage of the "forty-niners," so strewn with disappointments had always been one of the most heroic of incidents. She set to work in earnest.

"Frances." It was her mother in the doorway, "Frances, I have to go out. Will you amuse Agatha?"

"Oh, Mother!" There was genuine discouragement in the tone now, "I'd just started my drawing for Mr. Lock's contest!"

"Then go on, dear. Perhaps I can get Dick to go."

Frances went on, but her ideas were not so clear, her lines not so sure; she made more false shadings. One, two, and even three sheets were spoiled before she threw the pencil down in disgust.

Agatha was wistfully gazing from her window, watching several of her small neighbors romping on the lawn below.

"I wish I could go out," she said.

"Never mind, Honey!" (From her voice you never could have guessed that Frances had had such a bitter fight with Disappointment!) "I've thought of the loveliest new play! You never saw anything like it! Let's see—" she ran an appraising eye about the room, "we'll want the blocks, and the cunning little horses Auntie Fay sent you, and the stones Dick brought in, and the Kindergarten set—" Agatha's eyes grew very round as her sister ran on. Surely this *must* be going to be wonderful, but then, Frances' plays were *always* wonderful! Agatha sighed with content while Frances busied herself with the Kindergarten-set.

"You see, Agatha," she told the little girl, "back in the year 1849—that's ever so long ago, longer than I can remember, somebody made a discovery. They discovered that there was gold in California. Now as soon as people heard that, they started out for California to see if they

couldn't find some gold too. Now they didn't have automobiles or street-cars then, and the trains didn't go as far as California, so they had to travel in wagons. Wagons like this." She held up a miniature wagon.

"All the way?" Agatha gasped.

"Pretty nearly," nodded Frances, "and they traveled over roads like this," Deftly she outlined the route, an occasional house of blocks marking the way, piles of stones designating mountains, calm mirror rivers waiting to be forded, the trail ever-winding, yet ever leading to the yellow sea-shore sands which marked California. This was work in which Frances reveled, the picturing of this scene which was so real to her. And it was real to Agatha too. Agatha might not be blessed with either her sister's talent or her love of history, but she would never forget the working out of the dramatic story of those brave, sacrificing pioneers, so many of whom were to meet disappointment at their journey's end.

So intent were they, Frances on the telling, Agatha upon the hearing of the story, that they did not notice Mrs. Evans' footsteps upon the stairs, and it wasn't until she spoke that they realized their play was at an end:

"For goodness sakes, what *does* this room mean? I never saw such an upset place! And what is this pile of stones doing right in the middle of the floor?"

Frances lifted dazed eyes. As they rested on her mother's shocked face she laughed. "Be careful, Mother," she warned gaily, "that is the Blue Ridge of Virginia! Come, Agatha-Honey, we must clear it all away."

The next afternoon Frances, returning from school, stopped to post a package. It contained a drawing, a drawing that had almost seemed to do itself, so quickly had just the right lines and curves and shadings come.

"There!" said Frances to herself, "I've done my best; I've tried to be worthy of being a pioneer's descendant!"

Bread Upon The Waters

This little incident was reported to the *Boston Transcript*:

A lady got on a Back Bay car and fumbling for her purse she found she had left it at home. "I'm afraid I shall have to get off at the next stop," she said to the conductor. "I haven't brought any money with me."

Just then a newsboy who was standing near her said: "Here, lady, I got a dime to lend yer." She looked at the boy and took the proffered coin. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay it back if you will give me your address."

"Don't worry about dat," he replied. "I'm the kid you gave half a dollar to las' Christmas when you bought a paper from me on de corner. I ain't forgot you. I'm sellin' papers there yet."

She smiled at him and when he left the car he was about the proudest boy in town.

Molasses Candy

BY EFFIE EGBERT

ALTHOUGH Jackson Beale lacked four months of being six years old, he could read. He lived with his grandmother in a prune orchard in Santa Clara Valley, California, and it was she who had taught him his alphabet and how to spell and pronounce words. It was the way she had learned to read many, many years ago.

Jackson was not a conceited boy, but he heard so much praise for his brightness it is no wonder he grew a bit vain. Then there was his cousin, Nanny, six years old, who lived in a house with a big garden full of roses and trees on the outskirts of San Jose, was always telling anybody who would listen to her, about her cousin, Jackson, who wasn't six yet, but could read.

Nanny was a very lively little girl. One day she thought of something new to do and asked her mother to telephone to Grandma Beale to come in with Jackson and spend the afternoon. As soon as they arrived she motioned to Jackson to come out on the porch.

"Oh, Jackson!" she said, catching hold of the front of his blouse and pulling him close while she whispered, "I've thought of something that will be lots of fun. It's Chung's afternoon off, and he's gone to Chinatown or somewhere. There isn't anybody in the kitchen, so let's go down and make molasses candy. We won't tell mother or Grandma until it's done, then we'll take some up to them."

Jackson looked at his cousin wonderingly. "Make molasses candy?" he repeated. "We don't know how."

"Why Jackson Beale!" Nanny exclaimed in surprise. "What's the good of knowing how to read if you can't read in a book how to make things?" Mother has a green cook book," she added. "You can read how in that." She took him by the hand and they ran down to the kitchen. Nanny gave him a chair by the kitchen table and he sat down, turning the leaves of the book slowly and studying each page intently as he went along. Presently his eyes lighted. "Here it is," he said. He carefully spelled "M-o-l-a-s-s-e-s." Then he looked at Nanny.

Nanny was so pleased with him that smiles rippled all over her face.

Jackson felt encouraged and began to spell out the recipe. It was hard because so many of the words were new. "Baking soda" was almost too much for him. "Brown sugar," he had to spell three or four times. But Nanny helped him by guessing. In fact she was such a good guesser they got ahead almost as fast by her guessing as they did with his reading. It took a lot of things to make molasses candy, but Nanny found everything on the closet shelves and pretty soon they had it all stirred together in a yellow bowl.

Then Jackson spelled the rest of the recipe. "P-o-u-r i-n-t-o a w-e-l-l b-u-t-t-e-r-e-d p-a-n, a-n-d b-a-k-e f-o-r-t-y-

five minutes in a moderate oven."

"Why Jackson!" Nanny stared at him in wonder. "You don't bake candy."

Jackson looked puzzled, then he said, "What's the use of reading if you don't do what the book says?" He studied the page again with a puckered brow and spelled, "P-u-t i-n-t-o a w-e-l-l b-u-t-t-e-r-e-d p-a-n a-n-d b-a-k-e— That's what the book says."

"Well, we better do what it says," Nanny gave in. "You light the oven and I'll butter the pan." They poured the molasses candy into the pan and set the pan in the oven. Then Jackson turned to study the clock. "I can tell time when it's nine or ten or twelve, but I don't see how you tell forty-five minutes," he confessed.

"I'll guess," Nanny suggested helpfully. So they took a last look at the candy in the oven and went out to play. The garden was a big one and Jackson thought it would be a good place to play Robin Hood. But when Nanny offered to bring out her dolls for the outlaw band Jackson said he'd rather play something else. Nanny said they could pretend they were traveling all over the world. When they had "traveled" all over the garden, Nanny "guessed" the forty-five minutes were up and they went into the house. As they opened the kitchen door a perfectly delicious, spicy, sweet smell rushed out. Chung, who had come home, was standing at the open oven door, looking in with surprise.

"Who make?" he asked, pointing into the oven as he turned round to them.

"Jackson and I," Nanny answered with pride. "It's molasses candy."

"Molasses candy? Huh!" Chung said. "Huh!" he repeated. "You no sabe molasses candy."

"We do too," Nanny spoke right up. Jackson read how to make it in Mother's green cook book."

Jackson was looking in the oven with a puzzled face. Nanny tip-toed over beside him and looked in, too. She made a little dab with her forefinger at the contents of the pan. Then she looked at Jackson with her forehead puckered into a frown.

Chung was laughing. "Huh! Huh!" he said. "Make candy allee same cake. Huh! Huh! Bake him candy! Bake him candy!"

Nanny kept on looking at Jackson. "Is it candy?" she asked.

Jackson rubbed his head. It looks like cake and it smells like cake, but I read what the book said. Anyway—"he motioned toward Chung—"that chink can't read. How does he know what it is?"

Just then Nanny had a new idea. "It was candy, of course, when we put it in the oven, but the fairies have changed it into cake."

Jackson looked pityingly at Nanny. "Fairies can't climb into a hot oven," he said.

At that minute Nanny's mother ap-

My Rover

WHEN my upper lip is trembly,
And a lump gets in my throat,
And the fellows that I'm scared of
Have tried to "get my goat";
And I'm feeling kind of lonesome
And I'm losing all my sand,
It's great to have my Rover
Come up and lick my hand.

For Rover is my buddie,
And I'm happy as can be,
For I know there's simply nothing
That he wouldn't do for me;
For he loves me, and I know it,
And though other friends may fail
This world looks good, I tell you,
When Rover wags his tail.

You couldn't keep discouraged;
You couldn't long be blue
If you have a friend like Rover,
And know he's loving you;
For he rushes out to meet me
When I'm coming through the yard;
He just wags himself all over
'Cause he's loving me so hard.

FLORENCE E. MARSHALL
in *Our Dumb Animals*.



peared at the kitchen door. "Yum! Yum!" she said. "What a good smell I smell! What is it?"

Chung pointed at Jackson. "Molasses candy. He make him. Heap smart boy!" he laughed.

"Jackson read how to, out of your green cook book," Nanny said, "and we did it exactly the way the book said."

Jackson didn't say a word, but his face had grown very red. He walked over to the table, picked up the green cook book and stared at the hard words. Then he sat down in the chair and slowly spelled them over to himself. He looked up in time to see Nanny's mother biting her lips to keep back a laugh. Jackson hung his head. "It was my fault," he said humbly. "I got it wrong. It's Molasses Ginger Cake." I only spelled out 'Molasses' cause the words are so hard."

Chung was leaning against the sink, still repeating, "Heap smart boy! Read him book. Bake candy! Heap smart!"

Nanny's mother could not keep back that smile. Merriment was shining in Nanny's face. Then Jackson saw the fun of it, and everybody, Chung as well, had a good, long, hearty laugh.

"Never mind, Jackson," Nanny's mother said. "I came down to make a cup of coffee for Grandma, and nothing could be nicer than to surprise her with this delicious, warm ginger cake, made by her own grandchildren. I'm sure no one could expect a boy not six years old to spell three such hard words as 'Molasses Ginger Cake.'"

But Jackson was busy tucking away a little lesson in the back of his brain. Nobody'd ever catch him again just thinking he could do a thing. He'd know he could do it.

How Many Times Can You Chin Yourself?

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL

THE ability of a student to chin himself ten times seems to be a requirement for graduation at the University of Chicago with high honors.

At any rate here is the way a newspaper editorial tells the story: "Robertson Smith might have been valedictorian of his class at the University of Chicago. He was put out of the running because he couldn't chin himself ten times. Smith had all of the mental qualifications for official class orator. But after he had chinned himself ten times his muscles went back on him."

There is perhaps just a touch of the ridiculous in the idea that the coveted valedictory honors are out of reach of him who has flabby muscles in his arms, and yet why should not graduation from school or college presuppose a sound body as well as a sound mind?

So far as boys are concerned there are probably more of them who could qualify when it comes to chinning than when it comes to passing an examination in arithmetic or English. On the other hand there are boys who are simply book-worms and nothing else.

A boy of the right sort is ambitious for an all around development. He seeks both high standing in school and a strong body on the playground and in the gymnasium.

It doesn't hurt anybody to be busy. If you don't think about something else you think about yourself, and the most ruinous of all germs is the ego germ.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

155 WASHINGTON STREET,
KEENE, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck:—I wish to belong to the Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I go to the Unitarian church in Keene. Our minister is Mr. Baker. We have very interesting pictures in the parish house once every month. I am nine years old, in the fourth grade, and go to the Washington School.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE A. SHERWIN.

655 FRONT STREET,
CHICOPEE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—My Sunday-school teacher is Mrs. Moriarty. We are forming a Young People's Religious Union. We have named our organization "The Edward Farwell Hayward Memorial Young People's Religious Union". We expect to have a good many nice times together outside of our Sunday meetings.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH BLAISDELL ANDREWS.

613 TOPEKA BOULEVARD,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I like to read the stories

in *The Beacon*. My teacher's name is Mrs. Burns. I like my Sunday school very much. I am in the 7-A grade. There are seven in our class. We are beginning a club of our own.

Yours truly,
JACK BARAGER.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—Mrs. Bacon's class in the Unitarian church school of Newburyport has started a club to help others and we are all writing you a letter. I would like to belong to your club. I am eleven years of age and I would like to have a girl of my age correspond with me.

Yours truly,
SALLY W. DECIE.

Other members of this class who have written to the Club are Berton and Ruth Brownlee, Mildred Goldthorpe, Jean Paul and Verna Roberts.

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are Geraldine P. and Marjorie Lovell, Barnstable; Lee I. McAllister, Billerica; May Wentworth, Dorchester; Ruth Stephenson, Hingham Centre; Helen and Mary Bowren, Hopdale; Irene L. Heald, Ina Shaffer, Barbara Bishop, Gladys Marean, Donald Tighe, Irvin Clark, and William Noone, Hubbardston; Elizabeth Reed, Lawrence; Miriam Matheson, Marlboro; Dorothy Goodnow, Mendon; Elsie Henderson, Norwell; Kathryn E. Ellers, Stoneham; Marion Aldrich, Ware; Florence E. Keating, West Bridgewater; Josephine and John Stone, West Roxbury.

Our Friend in Hungary

BY THE EDITOR

Every boy and girl in our Unitarian church schools likes to think of our friends across the sea. In Hungary there are a goodly number of Unitarian churches. Some whole communities, cities or towns, are of our faith and fellowship. Under the changes in government brought about by the world war, these churches have suffered persecution. Some of our churches in this land have "adopted" a Unitarian church in Hungary. Perhaps your church is one of them.

In just three days, on March 19, Bishop Ferencz who has ably served the Unitarian church of Hungary as minister and bishop for 69 years, will celebrate his ninetieth birthday. Many ministers in America have sent him letters of greeting for that occasion. Will every Beacon reader think of the good Bishop Ferencz on that day, and at some moment, morning or evening or noonday, pray this prayer: Dear Lord, bless the good Bishop and all our Unitarian friends in Hungary. May we love them and find a way to help them.

Church School News

The Westminster Church School of Providence, R. I., has issued very attractive yearly calendars. They bear a picture of the church and under it there are different quotations on the different calendars. This Department has received three through the courtesy of the superintendent of the school, Mr. Hugo O. E. Carlborg. One contains "Our Faith," one the Laymen's League statement of faith,

and one a quotation from Charles Kingsley.

The school of the First Unitarian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., gave, at Christmas, Dr. Shippen's Nativity pageant at the morning service in the church. The entire school took part in this service and through the generosity of a local society some very beautiful costuming was made possible. The audience which assembled for this Christmas service of worship entirely filled the church.

The Trustees of Barnard Memorial, Boston, recently distributed an accumulated fund which they held in trust to be devoted to Sunday-school purposes to a number of church schools in New England. A majority of those who received the fund were schools which needed encouragement and help toward improvement, or growing schools where there was a large opportunity for service. One amount, that to the school in Wollaston, Mass., was granted as a recognition of effective organization and administration and to afford the means of further work along the same advanced lines.

The calendar of the Unitarian Church at Indianapolis still devotes a good deal of space each week to church-school news. There is, in connection with this school, a Lincoln Club of boys and a Clover Club of girls. The Clover Club is soliciting funds to send books to the Harrison Valley Sunday School in Missouri and both clubs furnished materials and made valentines to be sent to the County Infirmary. The birthday money from this school was voted to be equally divided between the Riley Hospital and the Public Health Nurse Association.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVI

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 9, 13, 6, 2, is a business transaction.
My 16, 4, 12, is a noble man.
My 5, 10, 6, 14, is a young horse.
My 3, 4, 11, 15, is a cereal.
My 8, 14, 10, 1, is to cease.
My whole are two men of Ancient Greece.

M. T.

ENIGMA XLVII

I am composed of 9 letters and am the pen name of a well-known writer who was born in Florida.
My 3, 7, 8, 9, is falling water.
My 1, 2, 5, is on the floor.
My 4, 8, 9, are relatives.
My 6, 8, 9, is to come out ahead.

A. C. E.

PAT'S PARTY

- Our friend Pat gave a party
Upon St. Patrick's Day.
But who was there and what they did
I'll leave you now to say.
If you would solve the puzzle
And all words quickly see,
Remember that each answer
Begins with P. A. T.
1. What led to Pat's door.
 2. The guard who stood outside.
 3. What Pat had just received on his latest invention.
 4. His wealthy friend who had lent him the money for it.
 5. What the guests had to have while they waited for the day of the party to arrive.
 6. The oldest and most honored guest.
 7. The guest who was loyal to his country.
 8. What the poorest guest wore on his coat.
 9. The guest who was too sick to come.
 10. The kind of stories they told about the sick man.
 11. What they hoped the raindrops would not begin to do.
 12. What the ladies used in making their new gowns.
 13. What kind of cakes they had.

Youth's Companion.

HIDDEN CITIES (Foreign)

1. For me din and noise need not be made.
2. A Christian I am.
3. Sombre slaughter stalks abroad.
4. This is kindness enough.
5. Here is the den of a bear.
6. I like better here than over there.
7. We like to bathe in the ocean.
8. They found Mount Blanc a dizzy height to climb.
9. May Douglas go with us?
10. This is a brig and that is a sloop.

E. A. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22

ENIGMA XLII.—Signs of Spring.
ENIGMA XLIII.—Heroes of Everyday Life.
CHARADE.—Penobscot.

AN ANAGRAM PUZZLE.

With eager *pleas* the baby *leaps* into her arms;
No flower on earth but *pales* beside his infant charms;
He pulls a pansy's *sepal* and holds it to her eyes;
His laugh *peals* out, a little *lapse*, then fast asleep he lies.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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